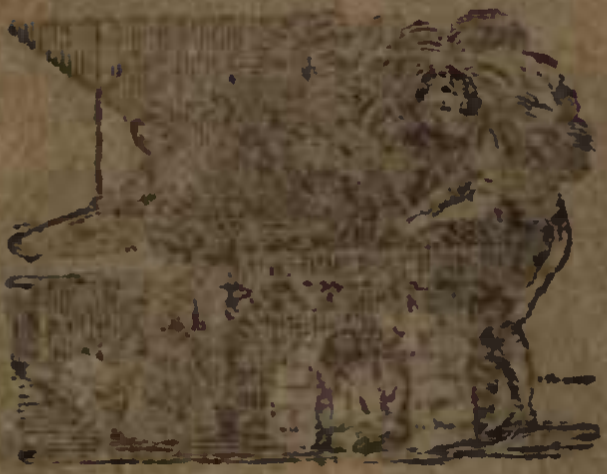
Winter.



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LOS ANGELES

WINTER.

Old Age—The Winter of Life.

New-York :
PRINTED AND SOLD
BY SAMUEL WOOD & SONS,
at the Juvenile Book-store,
No. 357, Pearl-street.

1816.

The Winter consists of three Months,

Twelfth,	com-	December,
First,	monly	January,
Second,	called,	February.

Cold Winter now is come,
The Summer's gone and past:
Ah! think upon the tomb,
Where all must land at last!

The birds, quite mute, the trees, stripped of their green livery, the shortened days and lengthened nights, together with the piercing winds and pinching frosts, now show us that winter is come: stern Winter, which

Woodman.

resembles Old Age, or the closing scene. Yet, even this season is not void of its beauties and blessings. The new fallen snow caps the mountains, and covers the valleys, with a white and beautiful vesture,

which is thrown into many curious forms, folds, and ridges, by the rude blasts of the driving winds.

What can exceed the dazzling splendour of a rising sun, on the trees and bushes, after a night of rain and freezing, when every branch appears like a shining crystal? A prospect grand indeed!

The severe frosts of Winter, with the agitated atmosphere, dispel the sickening fumes which arise from heated and stagnant pools, and decaying vege-

Threshing.

tation. This gives health and vigour to the body, and as it were, new spring to thought. Who but has observed the lively sensations of body and mind on a clear frosty morning in winter? What a contrast to the languor experienced

after a sultry night in summer or in autumn.

Although there are now no fields of corn to hoe or harvest to cut, yet the winter is not a scene of inactivity. It is undoubtedly the will of Heaven, that man should labour—The constitutions of his body and mind are so formed, as greatly to need it. Moderate labour tends to the health of both.

The woodman, with his axe, engages the sturdy oak, which by his repeated strokes, bows its ancient

Feeding Cows.

and venerable head, and comes tumbling to the ground. It is then cut into suitable lengths, and carted home for the fire.

The grain is now threshed out from the straw, and cleared from the chaff by

the wind or a fan. The wheat, rye, and buckwheat, are then carried to the mill, ground into flour, brought home and made into bread, pies, cakes, &c.

Barley is used to make beer, oats to feed horses, and Indian corn for both man and beast.

Much attention to the poor dumb animals is necessary, who look up to man for protection. The horses, cows, and sheep are to be foddered early and late, and provided with proper shelter.

Sleighing.

The hogs are to be fed and furnished with a bed of straw. The turkeys, geese, and ducks, with the other poultry, will flock round the little boy or girl, who comes with a basket of corn to feed them.

The flax in the winter is broken with a crackle, and then dressed on a swingling-board by a long wooden knife: afterwards passed through a hatchel, and then, by the industrious country woman and her daughters, spun into yarn, for the purpose of making linen for our shirts, &c.

In the long winter evenings, how pleasant for a family to sit by a good fire, and hear the cold wind whistling without; when neighbour enjoys the company of neighbour, and treats

SITTING By the Fire.

him with a drink of palatable cider, and some good apples; while the little children are agreeably employed in cracking and eating the nuts which they gathered in the fall.

Some amuse themselves with riding in the sleigh, while the little boys glide swiftly, in many a curious curve, upon the ice ; and, when the weather is foul, the little folks can suitably exercise themselves within doors at shuttlecock.

Behold the gray branches that stretch from the trees,
Nor blossoms nor verdure they wear !
They rattle and shake to the northerly breeze,
And wave their long arms in the air.

Skating.

The sun hides his face in a mantle
of cloud,
Dark vapours roll over the sky,
The wind through the wood hol-
lows hoarsely and loud,
And sea birds across the land
fly.
Come in, little Charles, for the
snow patters down,
No paths in the garden remain:

The streets and the houses are
white in the town,
And white are the field and the
plain.
Come in, little Charles, from the
tempest of snow;
'Tis dark, and the shutters we'll
close;
We'll put a fresh fagot to make
the fire glow,
Secure from the storm as it
blows;
But how many wretches, without
house or home,
Are wandering naked and pale;
Oblig'd on the snow-covered
common to roam,
And pierc'd by the pitiless gale!
No house for their shelter, no vict-
uals to eat,
No beds for their limbs to re-
pose:

PLAYING
At Shuttlecock.

Or a crust dry and mouldy, the best of their meat,
And their pillow, a pillow of snows.
Be thankful, my child, that it is not thy lot,
To wander an orphan and poor,
A father and mother, and home thou hast got,
And yet thou deservest them no more.

Be thankful, my child, and forget
not to pay
Thy thanks to the Father above,
Who gives thee so many more
blessings than they,
And crowns thy whole life with
his love.